

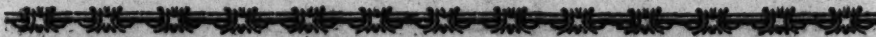
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THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A

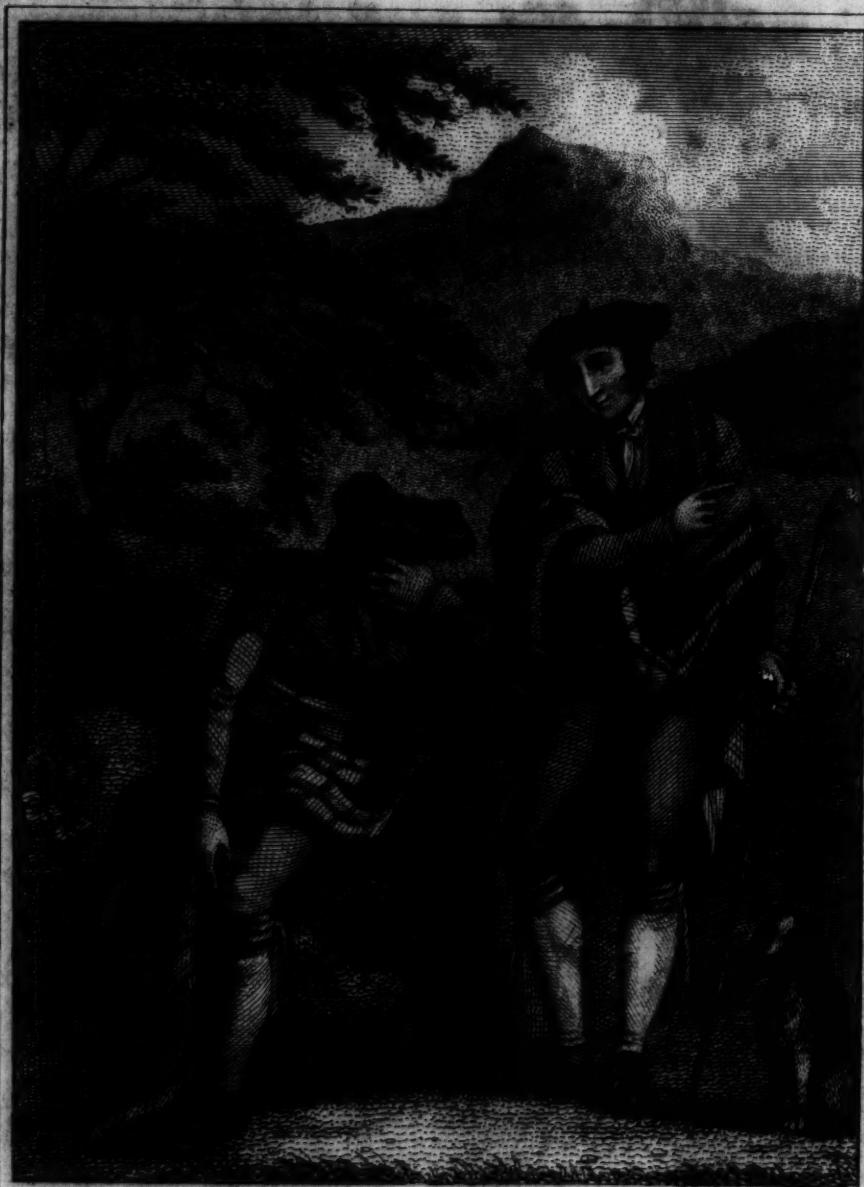
SCOT'S PASTORAL COMEDY.



THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD







PAT. Yonder's a Craig since ye have lost all Hope.
Gae tilt your ways, and take the Lover's Lowp.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD:

A
SCOTS PASTORAL COMEDY.

BY
ALLAN RAMSAY.

the Elder
K

EMBELLISHED WITH
FIVE ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS,

DESIGNED FROM THE MOST
REMARKABLE SCENES IN THE PASTORAL.

*The GENTLE SHEPHERD sat besides a Spring,
All in the Shadow of a bushy Brier,
That COLIN hight, which well cou'd pipe and sing,
For he of TITYRUS his Songs did lere.*

SPENCER, P. IIII3.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY GEO. REID AND CO.
RAILLIE'S LAND, OPPOSITE MAGDALANE CHAPEL,
COWGATE.

1798.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE merits of the GENTLE SHEPHERD, as a Pastoral Comedy, have been so long acknowledged, and its numerous beauties so amply pointed out by Men of the first genius and abilities in the Kingdom, that the Editors of the present Edition would feel themselves liable to be taxed with unpardonable presumption, were they to offer any observations on that subject.

This much admired Pastoral has gone through innumerable Editions, in a vast variety of forms. Since its first Publication by the Author himself, under the immediate Inspection of the learned Critic and Antiquarian, Mr THOMAS RUDDIMAN, it has been printed in almost all the shapes and sizes known to Printers. Some Editions have made their appearance on Types and Paper so very bad, and so inaccurately printed, as to render it a matter of the greatest difficulty to read them. On the other hand, two or three Editions have been published so far superior to these in every respect, as to put it out of the power of any, but those in affluent circumstances, to avail themselves of the pleasure of possessing them.

Several

Several Friends having hinted to the Editors, that a Copy of the GENTLE SHEPHERD, between the two extremes of diminutive Meanness and gigantic Splendour, embellished with suitable Engravings, would have a chance of gratifying the Public Taste, they have adventured on the present Edition.

It would ill become the Editors to take notice of the many inaccuracies, both in spelling and punctuation, which they have had occasion to observe in some late Editions of this Work ; which, however, in other respects, are not altogether without merit. But, they think it a duty they owe themselves to mention, that they have been carefully attentive to avoid the errors which they have noticed in their contemporaries ; and this, they are persuaded, could not more effectually be accomplished, than by implicitly following, as they have done, in every instance, the Copy published for the Author by Subscription, as already mentioned, under the immediate inspection of the learned Mr THOMAS RUDDIMAN. A Copy of this Edition they had very much difficulty in procuring, as it is seldom to be met with, except in the Cabinets of the curious. The Gentleman, therefore, who was so obliging as to favour them with a loan of his Copy, will be pleased to accept of their best thanks.

The

The Editors think it unnecessary to say any thing as to the Execution of this Work. The Embellishments, the Form, the Size of Type, and the Paper, have been adopted from the hint thrown out by their Friends. The whole is before the Reader, and, they hope, will give satisfaction.

A
SPLENDID EDITION
OF THE
TRAGEDY
OF
D O U G L A S,

Royal Octavo,

EMBELLISHED WITH A HEAD OF THE AUTHOR,

And Five other Elegant Engravings,

DESIGNED FROM THE

MOST STRIKING PASSAGES IN THE PLAY,

*May be had at the Printing-Office of GEO. REID & Co. at the
Subscription Price of Seven Shillings and Sixpence.*

Where also may be had,

THE WHOLE
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

JOHN HOME, Esq.
IN TWO VOLUMES DUODECIMO.

CONSISTING OF
THE FOLLOWING TRAGEDIES,

Viz.

AGIS,

DOUGLAS,

SIEGE OF AQUILEIA,

FATAL DISCOVERY,

ALONZO,

ALFRED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

S U S A N N A,
COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

MADAM,

THE love of approbation, and a desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the Poets to finish their designs with chearfulness. But, conscious of their own inability to oppose a storm of spleen and haughty ill-nature, it is generally an ingenious custom amongst them to chuse some honourable shade.

Wherefore, I beg leave to put my Pastoral under your Ladyship's protection. If my Patroness says the Shepherds speak as they ought, and that there are several natural flowers that beautify the rural wild, I shall have good reason to think myself safe from the aukward censure of some pretending judges that condemn before examination.

I am sure of vast numbers that will crowd into your Ladyship's opinion, and think it their honour to agree in their sentiments with the Countess of EGLINTOUN, whose penetration, superior wit, and sound judgment, shines with an uncommon lustre, while accompanied with all the diviner charms of goodness and equality of mind.

A

If

If it were not for offending only your Ladyship, here, Madam, I might give the fullest liberty to my muse to delineate the finest of women, by drawing your Ladyship's character, and be in no hazard of being deemed a flatterer; since flattery lies not in paying what is due to merit, but in praises misplaced.

Were I to begin with your Ladyship's honourable birth and alliance, the field is ample, and presents us with numberless great and good Patriots that have dignified the names of KENNEDY and MONTGOMERY: Be that the care of the herald and historian. It is personal merit, and the heavenly sweetness of the fair, that inspire the tuneful lays: Here every Lesbia must be excepted whose tongues give liberty to the slaves which their eyes had made captives; such may be flattered: But your Ladyship justly claims our admiration and profoundest respect; for, whilst you are possessed of every outward charm in the most perfect degree, the never-fading beauties of wisdom and piety, which adorn your Ladyship's mind, command devotion.

"All this is very true," cries a Sour-plum of better sense than good nature, "but what occasion have you to tell us the sun shines, when we have the use of our eyes, and feel his influence?"—Very true; but I have the liberty to use the Poet's privilege, which is, "To speak what every body thinks." Indeed, there might be some strength in the reflection, if the Idalian registers were of as short duration as life; but the bard who fondly hopes immortality, has a certain praise-worthy pleasure in communicating

ting to posterity the fame of distinguished characters.—I write this last sentence with a hand that trembles between hope and fear: But if I should prove so happy as to please your Ladyship in the following attempt, then all my doubts shall vanish like a morning vapour:—I shall hope to be classed with Tasso and Guarini, and sing with Ovid,

“ If ’tis allow’d to Poets to divine,
“ One half of round eternity is mine.”

MADAM,

Your Ladyship’s most obedient,

And most devoted servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

EDINBURGH, }
June, 1725. }

A 2

TO

TO
THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTOUN.

WITH THE
FOLLOWING PASTORAL.

A CCEPT, O EGLINTOUN! the rural lays,
That, bound to thee, thy duteous Poet pays!
The muse that oft' has rais'd her tuneful strains,
A frequent guest to SCOTIA's blisful plains,
That oft' has fung, her list'ning youth to move,
The charms of beauty and the force of love,
Once more resumes the still successful lay,
Delighted thro' the verdant meads to stray.
O! come, invok'd, and pleas'd, with Her repair
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air,
In the cool evening negligently laid,
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,
Propitious hear, and, as thou hear'st, approve
The GENTLE SHEPHERD's tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!
The fair shall read of ardours, sighs, and tears,
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:
Hence, too, what passions in his bosom rise!
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!
When first the fair one, piteous of his fate,
Cur'd of her scorn, and vanquish'd of her hate,

With

With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,
 And blushing, beauteous smiles the kind consent !
 Love's passion here in each extreme is shewn,
 In Charlotte's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that fail'd not to engage,
 Love courted beauty in a golden age,
 Pure and untaught, such nature first inspir'd,
 Ere yet the fair affected phrase desir'd.
 His secret thoughts were undisguis'd with art,
 His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart :
 He speaks his love so artless and sincere,
 As thy Eliza might be pleas'd to hear.

Heaven only to the Rural State bestows
 Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes :
 Secure alike from Envy and from Care,
 Nor rais'd by Hope, nor yet depress'd by Fear :
 Nor Want's lean hand its happiness constrains,
 Nor Riches torture with ill-gotten gains.
 No secret Guilt its steadfast peace destroys,
 No wild Ambition interrupts its joys.
 Blest still to spend the hours that Heaven has lent
 In humble goodness, and in calm content :
 Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,
 Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the Rural State these joys has lost :
 Ev'n swains no more that innocence can boast :
 Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,
 Prone to betray, and practis'd to deceive.
 Now Happiness forsakes her blest retreat,
 The peaceful dwellings where she fix'd her seat ;
 The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,
 Companion to an upright sober race.

When

When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,
 Free and familiar with the sons of men,
 To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,
 She uninvited came a welcome guest ;
 Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,
 Brib'd from their innocence incautious hearts :
 Then grudging hate, and sinful pride succeed,
 Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed ;
 Then dow'rless beauty lost the power to move ;
 The rust of lucre stain'd the gold of love :
 Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,
 The genial hearth first blush'd with stranger's blood :
 The friend no more upon the friend relies,
 And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise :
 The peaceful household fill'd with dire alarms :
 The ravish'd virgin mourns her slighted charms :
 The voice of impious mirth is heard around,
 In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crown'd :
 Unpunish'd violence lords it o'er the plains,
 And Happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh Happiness ! from human search retir'd,
 Where art thou to be found, by all desir'd ?
 Nun, sober and devout ! why art thou fled,
 To hide in shades thy meek contented head ?
 Virgin of aspect mild ! ah ! why, unkind,
 Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind ?
 O ! teach our steps to find the secret cell,
 Where, with thy fire, Content, thou lov'st to dwell.
 Or say, do'st thou, a duteous handmaid, wait
 Familiar at the chambers of the great ?
 Do'st thou pursue the voice of them that call
 To noisy revel, and to midnight ball ?

On the full banquet when we feast our soul,
 Do'st thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?
 Or, with th' industrious planter do'st thou talk,
 Conversing freely in an evening walk?
 Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,
 Watchful and studious of the treasur'd gold?
 Seeks Knowledge, not in vain, thy much lov'd pow'r,
 Still musing silent at the morning hour?
 May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,
 The Statesman's wisdom, or the Fair-one's charms?

In vain our flatt'ring hopes our steps beguile,
 The flying good eludes the searcher's toil;
 In vain we seek the city or the cell,
 Alone with Virtue knows the Power to dwell:
 Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,
 The gift themselves may on themselves bestow;
 Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast,
 But many passions must the blessing cost;
 Infernal Malice, inly pining Hate,
 And Envy, grieving at another's state;
 Revenge no more must in our hearts remain,
 Or burning Lust, or Avarice of gain.
 When these are in the human bosom nurs'd,
 Can Peace reside in dwellings so accurs'd?
 Unlike, O EGLINTOUN! thy happy breast,
 Calm and serene enjoys the heavenly guest;
 From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,
 Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed:
 In virtues rich, in goodness unconfin'd,
 Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;
 Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's fame,
 How swift to praise, but how averse to blame?

Bold

Bold in thy presence bashful Sense appears,
 And backward Merit loses all its fears :
 Supremely blest by Heaven, Heaven's richest grace,
 Confess'd is thine an early blooming race ;
 Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian Wisdom arm,
 Divine Instruction ! taught of thee to charm :
 What transports shall they to thy soul impart,
 (The conscious transports of a parent's heart)
 When thou behold'st them of each grace possess,
 And sighing youths imploring to be blest !
 After thy image form'd, with charms like thine,
 Or in the visit, or the dance to shine ;
 Thrice happy ! who succeed their mother's praise,
 The lovely EGLINTOUNS of other days.

Meanwhile peruse the following tender scenes,
 And listen to thy native Poet's strains :
 In ancient garb the home-bred muse appears,
 The garb our Muses wore in former years :
 As in a glass reflected, here behold
 How smiling goodness look'd in days of old :
 Nor blush to read where beauty's praise is shown,
 And virtuous love, the likeness of thy own ;
 While, 'midst the various gifts that gracious Heaven,
 Bounteous to thee, with righteous hand has given,
 Let this, O EGLINTOUN ! delight thee most,
 T' enjoy that Innocence the world has lost.

W. H.

TO
JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq.

SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

WITH THE FIRST SCENE OF THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

THE nipping frosts, and driving sna',
Are o'er the hills and far awa';
Bauld Boreas sleeps, the Zephyrs bla',
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthful, gay, and bra',
Invites to sing.

Then let's begin by creek of day,
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy speed,
Since BURCHET awns that thou can play
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath some tree
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has fae courteously,
To weaker fight,
Set these * rude sonnets sung by me
In truest light.

B

In

* *To weaker fight, set these, &c.*] Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English, justly and elegantly,

In truest light may a' that's fine
 In his fair character still shine,
 Sma' need he has of fangs like mine
 To beet his name ;
 For frae the north to southern line,
 Wide gangs his fame.

His fame, which ever shall abide,
 Whilst hist'ries tell of tyrants pride,
 Wha vainly strave upon the tide
 T' invade these lands
 Where Britain's royal fleet doth ride,
 Which still commands,

These doughty actions frae his pen *,
 Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
 How stubborn navies did contend
 Upon the waves,
 How free-born Britons faught like men,
 Their faes like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, Sir, to you,
 This country fang, my fancy flew,
 Keen your just merit to pursue ;
 But ah ! I fear,
 In giving praises that are due,
 I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r ;
 May powers aboon, with kindly care,

Grant

* *Frae his pen.*] His valuable Naval History.

Grant you a lang and muckle skair
 Of a' that's good,
 Till unto langeft life and mair
 You've healthfu' ftood.

May never care your bleffings fowr,
 And may the mufes, ilka hour,
 Improve your mind, and haunt your bow'r;
 I'm but a callan:
 Yet may I please you, while I'm your
 Devoted *Allan*.

THE PERSONS.

MEN.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.

ROGER, a rich young shepherd, in love with Jenny.

SYMON, } two old shepherds, tenants to Sir William.
GLAUD, }

BAULDY, a hynd engaged with Neps.

• WOMEN.

PEGGY, thought to be Glaud's niece.

JENNY, Glaud's only daughter.

MAUSE, an old woman, supposed to be a witch.

ELSPA, Symon's wife.

MADGE, Glaud's sister.

SCENE—A Shepherd's Village, and Fields some few miles from Edinburgh.

Time of Action within twenty hours.

First act begins at eight in the morning.

Second act begins at eleven in the forenoon.

Third act begins at four in the afternoon.

Fourth act begins at nine o'clock at night.

Fifth act begins by day light next morning.

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Beneath the south-side of a craigy bield,
Where crystal springs the halefome waters yield,
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of May.
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

PATIE *and* ROGER.

SANG I.—The wawking of the fauld.

PATIE Sings.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.

My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet weel I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.

My

*My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld:
 But she gars a' my spirits glow
 At wawking of the fauld.*
*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.*
*My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naething gi'es me sic delight
 As wawking of the fauld.*
*My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest that she sings best.*
*My Peggy sings sae saftly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 Wi' innocence, the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fauld.*

PATIE.

THIS funny morning, Roger, chears my blood,
 And puts all nature in a jovial mood.
 How heartsome 'tis to see the rising plants,
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants;
 How halesome 'tis to snuff the cauler air,
 And all the sweets it bears, when void of care!
 What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
 Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

Rog. I'm born, O Patie! to a thrawart fate!
 I'm born to strive with hardships sad and great.

Tempest

Tempest may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins blood;
But I, opprest with never ending grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on relief.

Pat. The bees shall loath the flower, and quit the
hive,

The faughs on boggie-ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornful queans, or los of warldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Rog. Sae might I say; but 'tis no easy done
By ane whafe faul is sadly out of tune.
You have sae fast a voice, and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek;
And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought;
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a las's eye.
For ilka sheep ye have I'll number ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
And downa eithly wi' your cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your gear?
A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Rog. My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were
smoor'd,
Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:
In winter last, my cares were very sma',
Tho' scores of wathers perish'd in the snaw.

Pat. Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Lefs you wad lose, and lefs you wad repine.

He

He that has just enough can soundly sleep;
The o'ercome only fash'es fowk to keep.

Rog. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss;
O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan drouth to quench;
'Till bris'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool!
And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Pat. Sax good fat lambs I fauld them ilka clute
At the West Port, and bought a winsome flute,
Of plum-tree made, with iv'ry virles round;
A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
Than you wich all your cash, ye dowie fool!

Rog. Na! Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,
Some other thing lyes heavier at my breast:
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,
That gars my flesh a' creep yet with the fright.

Pat. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens;
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride.
Take courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kens them but your fell.

Rog. Indeed now, Patie, ye have guess'd o'er true,
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you:
Me dorty Jenny looks upon a-squint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint:
In ilka place she jeers me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd, and unko blate;
But yesterday I met her 'yont a know,
She fled as frae a shelly-coated kow.

She

She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car;
But gecks at me, and says I smell of tar.

Pat. But Bauldy loes not her, right well I wat;
He fighs for Neps—sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'dna loo her—but in vain,
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
Even while he fawn'd, she strak the poor dumb tyke:
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a caulrife scorn.
Last night I play'd, ye never heard sic spite,
O'er Bogie was the spring, and her delyte;
Yet tauntingly she at her coufin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
Flocks, wander where you like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck.
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck?
Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all hope,
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp.

Rog. I needna mak' sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Pat. Daft gowk! leave off that silly whindging way;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I ferv'd my las I love as well
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel:
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dike I lean'd glowring about,
I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me:

For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was clofs upon me ere she wist ;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw ;
Her cockernony snooded up fou fleek,
Her haffet-locks hang waving on her cheek ;
Her cheeks fae ruddy, and her een fae clear ;
And O ! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bústine waste-coat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blythfome, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're fae soon asteer ;
But I can gues, ye're gawn to gather dew :
She scour'd awa, and said, *What's that to you ?*
Then fare ye well, Meg Dorts, and e'en's ye like,
I careles cry'd, and lap in o'er the dike.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thievles errand back ;
Misca'd me first,—then bade me hound my dog
To wear up three waff ews stray'd on the bog.
I leugh, and fae did she ; then with great haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waste,
About her yielding waste, and took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very faul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, fair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack ;
But well I kent she meant nae as she spake.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye fae too, and never fash your thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood ;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

SANG

SANG II.—*Tune, Fy gae rub her o'er with strae.*

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight ;
But them despise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse ;—then be not blate,
Push boldly on, and win the day.
When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een ;
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

*Rog. Kind Patie, now fair fa' your honest heart,
Ye're ay fae cadgy, and have sic an art
To hearten ane : For now as clean's a leek,
Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
Sae for your pains, I'll make you a propine,
My mother, (rest her faul) she made it fine,
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawflock woo,
Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blew :
With spraings like gowd and filler, cros'd with black ;
I never had it yet upon my back.*

*Well are ye wordy o't, wha have fae kind
Red up my revel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.*

*Pat. Well, hald ye there ;—and since ye've frankly
A present to me of your braw new plaid, [made*

My flute's be your's, and she too that's fae nice
Shall come a will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bonny spring;
For I'm in tift to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll take a turn up to the height,
And see gif all our flocks be feeding right.
Be that time bannocks, and a shave of cheese,
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they fae wife,
To season meat with health instead of spice.
When we have tane the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my fell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claihs,
A trotting burnie wimpling thro' the ground,
Its channel peebles, shining, smooth and round;
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean and clear;
First please your eye, next gratify your ear,
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg with better sense true love defends.

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny.

COME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
The shining day will bleech our linen clean;
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blew,
Will make them like a lilly wet with dew.

Peg.

Peg. Go farer up the burn to Habby's How,
Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow;
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin
The water fa's, and makes a fingand din;
A pool breast-deep beneath, as clear as glass,
Kisses with easy whirles the bordring grafs:
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash our fells—'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jen. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae? that jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

Peg. We're far frae ony road, and out of sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height:
But tell me now, dear Jenny, (we're our lane)
What gars ye plague your wooer with disdain?
The nibours a' tent this as well as I,
That Roger loos you, yet ye carna by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jen. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kaims his hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With ribbon-knots at his blew bonnet lug;
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his garters dic'd beneath his knee.
He falds his owrlay down his breast with care;
And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair.
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye*—or, *There's a bonny day*,

Peg.

Peg. Ye dafh the lad with constant flighting pride ;
 Hatred for love is unco fair to bide :
 But ye'll repent ye, if his love grows cauld.
 What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld ?
 Like dawted we'an, that tarrows at its meat,
 That for some feckless whim will orp and greet.
 The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,
 And syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or scart anither's leavings at the last. }
 Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna fit your time.

SANG III.—*Tune*, Polwart on the Green.

*The dorty will repent,
 If lover's heart grow cauld,
 And nane ber smiles will tent,
 Soon as ber face looks auld.*

*The dawted bairn thus takes the pet,
 Nor eats, tho' hunger crave,
 Whimpers and tarrows at its meat,
 And's laught at by the lave.*

*They jest it till the dinner's past ;
 Thus by itself abus'd,
 The fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
 Or eat what they've refus'd.*

Jen. I never thought a fingle life a crime.
Peg. Nor I—but love in whispers lets us ken,
 That men were made for us, and we for men.
Jen. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell ;
 For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He

He glowrs and fighs, and I can guess the cause,
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slav'ry like, and may be free:
The cheils may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your ways; for me, I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jen. Heh! lafs, how can you loo that rattle-skull,
A very deel that ay maun hae his will?
We'll soon hear tell what a poor fighting life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.

Peg. I'll rin the risk; nor have I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I with pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
There we may kifs as lang as kissing's good,
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his will: Why no? 'Tis good my part
To give him that; and he'll give me his heart.

Jen. He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o' ye, with an unco fraise;
And daut ye baith afore fowk and your lane:
But soon as his newfanglenefs is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delite,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flite:
And may be, in his barlikhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG

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To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

SANG

SANG IV.—*Tune*, O dear mother, what shall I do?

*O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust his smiling;
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betyde you.
Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd:
Running to a life destroys
Heartsome, free, and youthfu' joys.*

Peg. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith
to move

My fettl'd mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath;
But want of him I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane of a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een.
And then he speaks with sic a taking art,
His words they thirle like mufic thro' my heart.
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave?
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
He is—but what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is!
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gait,
The rest seem coofs compar'd with my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure:
Ill-nature heffs in fauls are weak and poor.

SANG

SANG V.—*Tune*, How can I be sad on my wedding-day?

*How shall I be sad, when a husband I hae,
That has better sense than ony of thae
Sour weak filly fellows, that study like fools,
To sink their ain joy, and make their wives snools.
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtue, and ne'er will abuse
Her for a small failing, but find an excuse.*

Jen. Hey! bonny lass of Branksome, or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
O! 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whindging getts about your ingle-fide,
Yelping for this or that with fasheous din,
To mak them brats then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae we'an fa's sick, ane scads it sell wi' broe,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tynes his shoe;
The Deel gaes o'er John Wobster, hame grows hell,
When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

Peg. Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife,
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have delight,
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made of, and obtain a kifs?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night,
'The like of them, when love makes care delight?

D

Jen.

Jen. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance should beggary draw :
 But little love, or canty chear can come,
 Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
 Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay.—
 The thick-blawn wreaths of snaw, or blashy thows,
 May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ews.
 A dyvour buys your butter, woo and cheese,
 But, or the day of payment, breaks and flees.
 With glooman brow the laird seeks in his rent :
 'Tis no to gi'e ; your merchant's to the bent ;
 His Honour mauna want, he poinds your gear :
 Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
 Dear Meg, be wise, and live a fingle life ;
 Troth 'tis nae mows to be a married wife.

Peg. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she,
 Wha has sic fears ; for that was never me.
 Let fowk bode well, and strive to do their best ;
 Nae mair's requir'd, let Heaven make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads should a' for wives that's vertuous pray :
 For the maist thrifty man could never get
 A well stor'd room, unless his wife wad let :
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
 To gather wealth to raise my Shepherd's heart.
 What e'er he wins, I'll guide with canny care,
 And win the vogue, at market, tron, or fair,
 For halefome, clean, cheap and sufficient ware. }
 A flock of lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
 Shall first be fauld, to pay the laird his due ;

Syne

Syne a' behind's our ain.—Thus, without fear,
With love and rowth we thro' the warld will steer:
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll blefs the day he gat me for his wife.

Jen. But what if some young giglit on the green,
With dimpled cheeks, and twa bewitching een,
Shou'd gar your Patie think his haff-worn Meg,
And her kend kisses, hardly worth a feg?

Peg. Nae mair of that ;—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we :
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them with solidity of mind.

'They'll reason calmly, and with kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.
Sae, whensoever they flight their maiks at hame,
'Tis ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.

Then I'll employ with pleasure a' my art
To keep him chearfu', and secure his heart.

At even, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll have a' things made ready to his will.

In winter, whert he toils thro' wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearth-stane.

And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pot's be ready to take aff.

Clean hagabag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him with the best we can afford.

Good humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jen. A dish of married love right soon grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.

Bairns, and their bairns, make sure a firmer ty,
 Than ought in love the like of us can spy.
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
 Suppose them, some years syne, bridegroom and bride ;
 Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
 'Till wide their spreading branches are increast, }
 And in their mixture now are fully blest.
 This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,
 That in return defends it frae the west.
 Sic as stand single,—a state fae lik'd by you !
 Beneath ilk storm, frae every airth, maun bow.

Jen. I've done,—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield,
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 With the assistance of a little fae
 Lyes darn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI.—*Tune*, Nanfy's to the green-wood gane.

*I yield, dear lassie, ye have won,
 And there is nae denying,
 That sure as light flows frae the sun,
 Frae love proceeds complying ;
 For a' that we can do or say
 'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us,
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae
 That by the heartstrings leads us.*

Peg. Alake ! poor prisoner ! Jenny, that's no fair,
 That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air :
 Hasten, let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,
 Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jen. Anither time's as good,—for see the sun
 Is right far up, and we're no yet begun

To

To freath the graith ;—if canker'd Madge our aunt
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant :
But when we've done, I'll tell you a' my mind ;
For this seems true,—nae lafs can be unkind. [*Exeunt.*

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

A snug thack house, before the door a green ;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byar ;
A peat stack joins, and forms a rural square.
The house is Glaud's ;—There you may see him lean,
And to his divot-feat invite his frien'.

GLAUD *and* SYMON.

Glaud.

GOOD-morrow, nibour Symon,—come sit down,
And gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in
town ?

They tell me ye was in the ither day,
And fald your Crummock and her baffend quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund of cut and dry ;
Lug out your box, and gie's a pipe to try.

Sym. With a' my heart ;—and tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind with joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a turn,

Will

Will gar our vile oppressors stend like flaes,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

Glaud. Fy, blaw! Ah! Symie, ratling chiels ne'er
stand

To cleck and spread the grossest lies aff hand,
Whilk soon flies round like will-fire far and near:
But loose your poke, be't true or fause, let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
Hab, that abroad has with our Master been;
Our brave good Master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair estate, to save his head:
Because ye ken fou well he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend with great Montrose.
Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
Has play'd the Rump a right flee begunk,
Restor'd King Charles, and ilka thing's in tune:
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon.

Glaud. That makes me blyth indeed;--but dinna flaw:
Tell o'er your news again! and swear till't a';
And saw ye Hab! and what did Halbert say?
They have been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame,
And his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Sym. They that hag-raid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again;
And good Sir William fall enjoy his ain. }

SANG VII.—*Tune*, Cauld kail in Aberdeen.

*Cauld be the rebels cast,
Oppressors base and bloody,
I hope we'll see them at the last
Strung a' up in a woody.*

Blest

*Blest be he of worth and sense,
And ever high his station,
That bravely stands in the defence
Of conscience, king and nation.*

Glaud. And may he lang; for never did he stent
Us in our thriving, with a racket rent:
Nor grumbl'd, if ane grew rich; or shor'd to raise
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday's claiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless faucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.
"Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak a feat.—
How's all at hame?—How's Elspa? How does Kate?
How sells black cattle?—What gi'es woo this year?"—
And sic like kindly questions wad he speer.

SANG VIII.—*Tune, Mucking of Geordy's byar,*

*The laird who in riches and honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor tenants who labour
To rise aboon poverty:
Else like the pack-horse that's unfother'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint;
Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd,
And rackers aft tine their rent.*

Glaud. Then wad he gar his Butler bring bedeen
The nappy bottle ben, and glassies clean,
Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame,
As gart me mony a time gae dancing hame.
My heart's e'en rais'd! Dear nibour, will ye stay,
And tak your dinner here with me the day?

We'll

We'll send for Elspath too—and upo' fight,
 I'll whistle Pate and Roger frae the height :
 I'll yoke my sled, and send to the neist town,
 And bring a draught of ale baith stout and brown,
 And gar our cottars a', man, wife and we'an,
 Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wad na bauk my friend his blyth design,
 Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :

For heer-yeftreen I brew'd a bow of maut,
 Yeftreen I flew twa wathers prime and fat ;
 A firlof of good cakes my Elspa beuk,
 And a large ham hings reefing in the nook :
 I faw my fell, or I came o'er the loan,
 Our meikle pot that fcads the whey put on,
 A mutton-bouk to boil :—And ane we'll roast ;
 And on the haggies Elspa fpare nae coft ;
 Sma' are they shorn, and she can mix fu' nice
 The gufty ingans with a curn of fpice :
 Fat are the puddings,—heads and feet well fung,
 And we've invited nibours auld and young,
 To pafs this afternoon with glee and game,
 And drink our Mafter's health and welcome-hame.
 Ye mauna then refuse to join the reft,
 Since ye're my neareft friend that I like beft.
 Bring wi'ye a' your family, and then,
 When e'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'r fell, auld-birky, never fear
 But at your banquet I fhall firft appear.
 Faith we fhall bend the bicker, and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld, faid I !—troth I'm younger be a fcore,
 With your good news, than what I was before.

I'll dance or e'en! Hey! Madge, come forth: D'ye hear?

Enter MADGE.

Mad. The man's gane gyte! Dear Symon, welcome here.

What wad ye, Glaud, with a' this haste and din?
Ye never let a body fit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! snuff—Gae break your wheel, and
burn your tow,
And set the meikleft peat-stack in a low.
Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll foon Sir William see.

Mad. Blyth news indeed! And wha was tald
you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you?—Gae get my Sunday's
coat;

Wale out the whitest of my bobbit bands,
My white-skin hose, and mittens for my hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
And make your fells as trig, head, feet, and waste,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gaun o'er to dine with Sym bedeen.

Sym. Do, honest Madge:—And, Glaud, I'll o'er
the gate,

And see that a' be done as I wad hae't. *[Exeunt.]*

E

SCENE

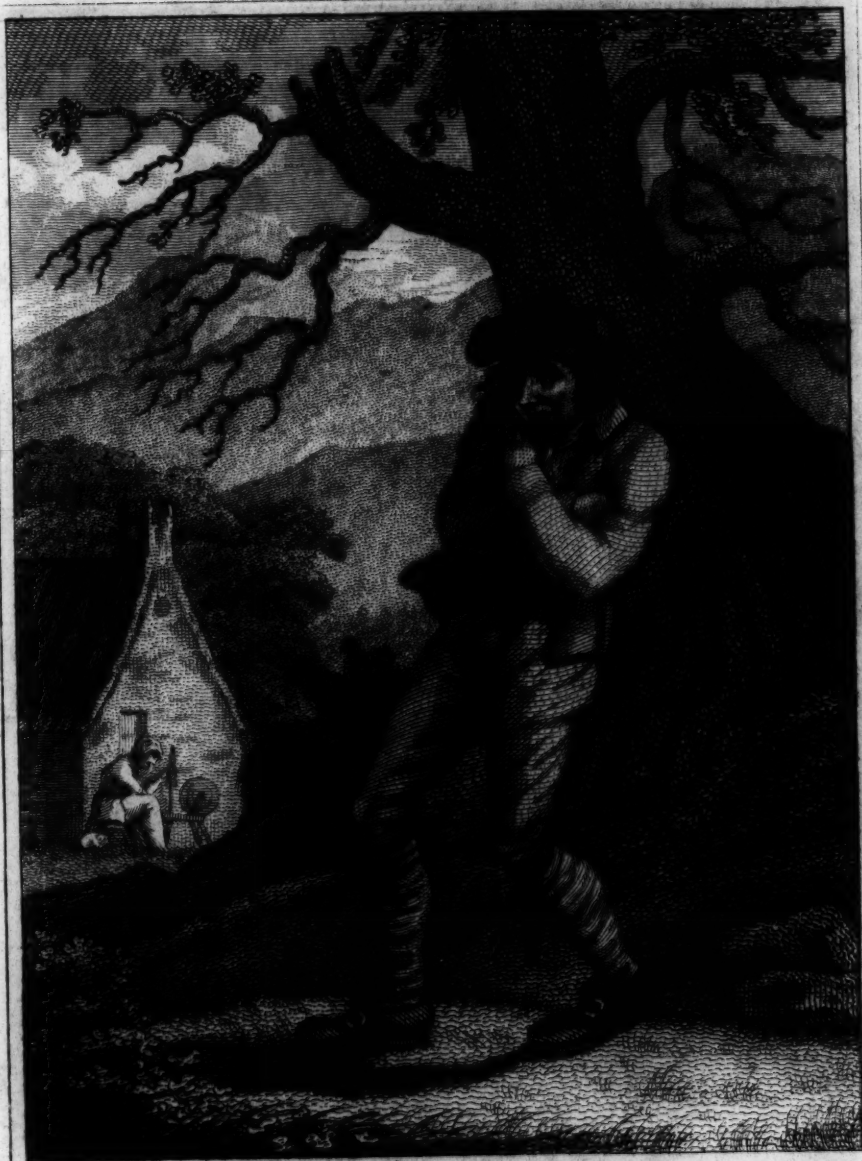
SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
 An auld wife spinning at the funny end.—
 At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
 With falded arms, and haff rais'd look, ye see

BAULDY *his lane.*

WHAT'S this!—I canna bear't! 'tis war than hell,
 To be fae burnt with love, yet darna tell!
 O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
 Sweeter than gowany glens, or new mawn hay;
 Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knows;
 Straighter than ought that in the forest grows:
 Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
 The lilly in her breast its beauty tines.
 Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
 Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!
 For Pate loes her,—waes me! and she loes Pate;
 And I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
 Made a daft vow:—O but ane be a beast
 That makes rash aiths till he's afore the priest!
 I dare na speak my mind, else a' the three,
 But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.
 'Tis fair to thole;—I'll try some witchcraft art,
 To break with ane, and win the other's heart.
 Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price
 Can cast her cantraips, and give me advice.
 She can o'ercast the night, and cloud the moon,
 And mak the deils obedient to her crune.
 At midnight hours, o'er the kirk-yards she raves,
 And howks unchristen'd we'ans out of their graves;
Boils



BAULD. What's this! I canna bear't, 'tis war than Hell.
To be sae burnt with Love, yet darna tell!

Published as the Act directs by Geo. Reid & Co. Printers Edin'

19th Nov^r 1798.



Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow,
 Rins withershins about the hemlock low;
 And seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes with lumps of Lapland clay,
 Mixt with the venom of black tairs and snakes;
 Of this unsonfy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates—and gars expire
 With flaw and racking pains afore a fire;
 Stuck fu' of prins, the devilish pictures melt,
 The pain, by fowk they represent, is felt.
 And yonder's Maufe: Ay, ay, she kens fu' well,
 When ane like me comes rinning to the deil.
 She and her cat sit beeking in her yard,
 To speak my errand, faith amaisf I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do't, tho' I should never thrive;
 They gallop fast that deils and lasses drive. [Exit.

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

A green kail-yard, a little fount,
 Where water popilan springs;
 There sits a wife with wrinkle-front,
 And yet she spins and sings.

SANG IX.—*Tune*, Carle an the King come.

MAUSE sings.

PEGGY, *now the King's come,*
 Peggy, *now the King's come;*
Thou may dance, and I shall sing,
 Peggy, *since the King's come.*

E 2

Nae

*Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,
But change thy plaiding-coat for silk,
And be a lady of that ilk,
Now, Peggy, since the King's come.*

Enter BAULDY.

Baul. How does auld honest lucky of the glen?
Ye look baith hale and fere at threescore ten.

Mause. E'en twining out a threed with little din,
And beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun.
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
Is there nae muck to lead?—to thresh nae corn?

Baul. Enough of baith :---But something that re-
quires
Your helping hand, employs now all my cares.

Mause. My helping hand, alake! what can I do,
That underneath baith eild aud poortith bow?

Baul. Ay, but ye're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist part of the parish tells a lie.

Mause. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm posselt,
That lifts my character aboon the rest?

Baul. The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise and
fell,
Ye'll may be take it ill gif I should tell.

Mause. What fowk says of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
Keep nathing up, ye nathing have to fear.

Baul. Well, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a',
That ilk ane talks about you, but a flaw.
When last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
When last the burn bore down my Mither's yarn;
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;
When Tibby kirn'd, and there nae butter came;
When

When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-cheeked we'an
 To a fairy turn'd, and cou'd na stand its lane;
 When Watie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
 And tint himsell amaisf amang the snaw;
 When Mungo's mear stood still, and swat with fright,
 When he brought east the Howdy under night;
 When Bawfy shot to dead upon the green,
 And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:
 You, Lucky, gat the wyte of a' fell out,
 And ilka ane here dreads you round about.
 And fae they may that mint to do ye skaith;
 For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith;
 But when I neist make grots, I'll strive to please
 You with a firlof of them mixt with pease.

Maufe. I thank ye, lad;—now tell me your demand,
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Baul. Then, I like Peggy,—Neps is fond of me;—
 Peggy likes Pate,—and Patie's bauld and flee,
 And loes sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see.—
 Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, and than
 Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man.

Maufe. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right;
 Sae gang your ways, and come again at night:
 'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
 Worth all your pease and grots; tak ye nae care.

Baul. Well, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road can
 find:

But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind;
 Syne rain and thunder may be, when 'tis late,
 Will make the night sae rough, I'll tine the gate.
 We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast,
 O! will ye come like badrans, for a jest;

And.

And there ye can our different haviours spy :
There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Maufe. 'Tis like I may,—but let na on what's past
'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle cast.

Baul. If I ought of your secrets e'er advance,
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[*Exit* BAULDY.]

MAUSE her lane.

Hard luck, alake ! when poverty and eild,
Weeds out of fashion, and a lanely beild,
With a sma' cast of wiles, should in a twitch,
Gi'e ane the hatefu' name a wrinkled Witch.
This fool imagines, as do mony fic,
That I'm a wretch in compact with Auld Nick ;
Because by education I was taught
To speak and act aboon their common thought.
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear ;
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here ;
Nane kens but me,—and if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' fing dumb.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

Behind a tree, upon the plain,
Pate and his Peggy meet;
In love, without a vicious stain,
The bonny lass and chearfu' swain
Change vows and kisses sweet.

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peggy.

O PATIE, let me gang, I mauna stay,
We're baith cry'd hame, and Jenny she's away,

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa with Jenny gane:
They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
To be alane themfells, I judge, as we.

Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.

Hark how the lavrocks chant aboon our heads,
How fast the westlin winds fough thro' the reeds.

Peg. The scented meadows,—birds,—and healthy
breeze,

For ought I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Pat. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull and blind,
Gif I cou'd fancy ought's sae sweet or fair
As my dear Meg, or worthy of my care.
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek and breast the finest flowers appear.
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,
That warble thro' the merl or mavis' throats.

With

With thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,
 Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
 The sweetest fruits that hing upon the tree,
 Are far inferior to a kifs of thee.

Peg. But Patrick, for some wicked end, may fleech,
 And lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.
 I dare na stay—ye joker, let me gang,
 Anither lafs may gar ye change your sang;
 Your thoughts may flit, and I may thole the wrang. }

Pat. Sooner a mother shall her fondness drape,
 And wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap;
 The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
 The gaits to clim,—the sheep to yield the fleece,
 Ere ought by me be either said or done,
 Shall skaith our love; I swear by all aboon.

Peg. Then keep your aith:—But mony lads will
 swear,
 And be mansworn to twa in haff a year.
 Now I believe ye like me wonder well;
 But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,
 Your Meg forsaken, bootless might relate,
 How she was dauted anes by faithless Pate.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear;
 Tho' we're but young, I've loo'd you mony a year.
 I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
 Or lip out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
 Of a' the bairns, and led thee by the hand,
 Aft to the Tanfy-know or Rashy-strand.
 Thou smiling by my side,—I took delite,
 To pou the rashies green, with roots sae white,
 Of which, as well as my young fancy cou'd,
 For thee I plet the flowry belt and snood.

Peg.

Peg. When first thou gade with shepherds to the hill,
And I to milk the ews first try'd my skill ;
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
When at the bught at e'en I met with thee.

Pat. When corns grew yellow, and the hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on the muir and rising fells,
Nae birns, or briers, or whins e'er troubled me,
Gif I cou'd find blae berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the
stane,
And wan the day, my heart was flightering fain :
At all these sports thou still gave joy to me ;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. Jenny sings fast the *Broom of Cowden-knows*,
And Rosie lilt the *Milking of the Ews* ;
There's nane like Nanfie, *Jenny Nettles* sings ;
At turns in *Maggy Lauder* Marion dings :
But when my Peggy sings, with sweeter skill,
The *Boat-man*, or the *Lass of Patie's Mill* ;
It is a thousand times mair sweet to me :
Tho' they sing well, they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can lassies trow what they desire !
And roos'd by them we love, blaws up that fire :
But wha loves best, let time and carriage try ;
Be constant, and my love shall time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

The foregoing, with a small variation, was sung at the acting, as follows.

SANG X.—*Tune, The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

PEGGY.

*When first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie, nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughing forgather'd with thee.*

PATIE.

*When corn-riggs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-bells
Bloom'd bonny on muirland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.*

PEGGY.

*When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain ;
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me ;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.*

PATIE.

*Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden Broom-knows,
And Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the Ews ;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nanfie can sing ;
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Befs gars our lugs ring :
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill,
The Boat-man, Tweed-side, or the Lafs of the Mill,
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.*

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

*How easy can lasses' trow what they desire?
And praises sae kindly encreases love's fire;
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.*

Pat. Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave;
At nought they'll ferly;—senseless tales believe;
Be blyth for filly heghts, for trifles grieve:
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how,
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
But thou, in better sense, without a flaw,
As in thy beauty, far excells them a',
Continue kind; and a' my care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed;—but harken, yon's auld aunty's cry;
I ken they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly.—Now, a kindly kifs,
Or five score good anes wad not be amifs;
And syne we'll sing the sang with tunefu' glee,
That I made up last owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your hire.—

Pat. ————— Well, I agree.

SANG XI.—To its own Tune.

PATIE.

*By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eyes that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love; and why should ye deny?*

F 2

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Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.*

Pat. Wert thou a giglit gawky like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave;
At nought they'll ferly;—senseless tales believe;
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve:
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how,
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And rowing eyes that smiling tell the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love; and why should ye deny?*

PEGGY.

*But ken ye, lad, gif we confes o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done ?
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.*

PATIE.

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetnefs they may tine ; and sae may ye.
Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff year.*

PEGGY finging, falls into PATIE's arms.

*Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's arms, for good and a'.
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace ;
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.*

PATIE with his left hand about her waste.

*O charming armfu', hence ye cares away,
I'll kifs my treasure a' the live-lang day ;
All night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by both.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise ;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day :
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

[Exeunt.]

End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T

A C T III.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,
And tent a man whose beard seems bleech'd with time;
An elvand fills his hand, his habit mean:
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.
But whisht! it is the knight in masquerade,
That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sutt'rer moves
Thro' his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.

SIR WILLIAM *solus*.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
I'll for a space unknown delight mine eyes,
With a full view of every fertile plain,
Which once I lost,—which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands,
Without a roof; the gates faln from their bands;
The casements all broke down; no chimney left;
The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft:
My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
My gardens, once adorn'd the most compleat,
With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
Where, round the figur'd green, and pebble walks,
The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks:
But,

But, overgrown with nettles, docks and brier,
 No jaccacincths or eglintines appear.
 How do these ample walls to ruin yield,
 Where peach and neet'rine branches found a beild,
 And bask'd in rays, which early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightfu' in the use!
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish ly,
 And from what stands the wither'd branches fly.

These soon shall be repair'd:—And now my joy,
 Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my Boy,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since Heaven too soon call'd hame his Mother fair.
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth,
 'Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free;
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how chearfully
 A quiet contented mortal spends his time
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XII.—*Tune, Happy Clown.*
Hid from himself, now by the dawn,
He starts as fresh as roses blawn,
And ranges o'er the heights and lawn,
After his bleeting flocks,

Healthful,

*Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day,
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.*

*Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy, and vile hypocrisie,
Where truth and love with joy agree,
Unfully'd with a crime ;
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
In propping of their pride and state,
He lives, and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.*

Now tow'rd's good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to day,
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
 And viffy't round and round ;
 There's nought superfluous to give pain,
 Or costlly to be found.
 Yet all is clean : a clear peat-ingle
 Glances amidst the floor ;
 The green-horn spoons, beech-luggies mingle,
 On skelfs foregainst the door.
 While the young brood sport on the green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 With the Brown Cow to clear their een,
 Snuff, crack, and take their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, *and* ELSPA.

Glaud.

WE anes were young our fells—I like to see
 The bairns bob round with other merrilie.
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,
 And better looks than his I never bade.
 Amang our lads, he bears the gree awa',
 And tells his tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elf. Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us baith:
 God mak him good, and hide him ay frae skaith.
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,
 That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, goodwife, if I be not mistane,
 He seems to be with Peggy's beauty tane,
 And troth, my niece is a right dainty we'an,
 As ye well ken : a bonnier needna be,
 Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

Sym.

Sym. Ha! Glaud, I doubt that ne'er will be a match;

My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch:
And or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt with the mools my fell.

Glaud. What reason can ye have? There's nane,
I'm sure,

Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:

But gif the lassie marry to my mind,

I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind.

Fourscore of breeding ewes of my ain birn,

Five ky that at ae milking fills a kirn,

I'll gi'e to Peggy that day she's a bride;

By and attour, gif my good luck abide,

Ten lambs at spaining-time, as lang's I live,

And twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elf. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Sym. Or this day eight days likely he shall learn,
That our denial disna flight his bairn.

Glaud. Well, nae mair o't,—come, gie's the other
bend;

We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[*Their healths gae round.*]

Sym. But will ye tell me, Glaud,—by some 'tis said,
Your niece is but a Fundling that was laid
Down at your hallon-side, ae morn in May,
Right clean row'd up, and bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells sic
flaws,

When e'er our Meg her cankart humour gaws.

G

Enter

Enter JENNY.

Jen. O father! there's an auld man on the green,
The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:
He tents our loofs, and syne whops out a book,
Turns o'er the leaves, and gie's our brows a look;
Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard.
His head is gray, and lang and gray his beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in; we'll hear what he can say;
Nane shall gang hungry by my house to day.

[Exit JENNY.]

But for his telling fortunes, troth I fear,
He kens nae mair of that than my gray mare.

Glaud. Spae-men! the truth of a' their saws I doubt;
For greater liars never ran there out.

*Returns JENNY, bringing in SIR WILLIAM; with them
PATIE.*

Sym. Ye're welcome, honest carle;—here take a seat.

Sir Will. I give ye thanks, Goodman; I'll be
blate.

Glaud. [*drinks.*] Come t'ye, friend:—How far came
ye the day?

Sir Will. I pledge ye, nibour:—E'en but little way:
Rousted with eild, a wee piece gate seems lang;
Twa miles or three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay all night with me,
And take sic bed and board as we can gi' ye.

Sir Will. That's kind unfought.—Well, gin ye have
a bairn

That ye like well, and wad his fortune learn,
I shall employ the farthest of my skill,
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Sym.



Sym. [*pointing to Patie.*] Only that lad ;—alake ! I
have nae mae,

Either to make me joyful now, or wae.

Sir Will. Young man, let's see your hand ;—what
gars ye sneer ?

Pat. Because your skill's but little worth I fear.

Sir Will. Ye cut before the point.—But, billy, bide,
I'll wager there's a mouse mark on your side.

Elf. Betooch-us-to ! and well I wat that's true :
Awa, awa ! the deil's o'er grit wi' you.
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair, if this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elf. A laird ! Hear ye, Goodman !—what think ye
now ?

Sym. I dinna ken : Strange auld man ! What art
thou ?

Fair fa' your heart ; 'tis good to bode of wealth :
Come turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

[*PATIE'S health gaes round.*]

Pat. A laird of twa good whistles, and a kent,
Twa curs, my trusty tenants, on the bent,
Is all my great estate—and like to be :
Sae, cunning carle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

Sym. Whisht, Patie,—let the man look o'er your
hand,

Aftimes as broken a ship has come to land.

[*SIR WILLIAM looks a little at PATIE'S hand, then
counterfeits falling into a trance, while they en-
deavour to lay him right.*]

Elf. Preserve's !—the man's a warlock, or poffest
With some nae good,—or second fight, at least :

Where is he now?————

Glaud. —————He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

Elf. These second sighted fowk, his peace be here!
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.—Wow, can he tell
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himsell)
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better;—Elspa, haste ye, gae,
And fill him up a tafs of Usquebae.

Sir WILLIAM starts up, and speaks.

A Knight that for a *Lyon* fought,
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares.
But now again the *Lyon* rares,
And joy spreads o'er the plain:
The *Lyon* has defeat the bears,
The Knight returns again.
That Knight, in a few days, shall bring
A Shepherd frae the fauld,
And shall present him to his King,
A subject true and bauld.
He Mr Patrick shall be call'd:
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tald;
For it shall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your spaeing happen soon and weel;
But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the deil,

To

To tell some tales that fowks wad secret keep :
Or do ye get them tald you in your sleep ?

Sir Will. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard ;
Nor come I to read fortunes for reward :
But I'll lay ten to ane with ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fowks are odd kind men !
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The wimpled meaning of your unco tale,
Whilk soon will mak a noise, o'er moor and dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how Sym believes,
And takes't for gospel what the spae-man gives
Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate :
But what we wish, we trow at ony rate.

Sir Will. Whisht, doubtfu' carle ; for ere the sun
Has driven twice down to the sea,
What I have said ye shall see done
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Well, be't sae, friend, I shall say nathing
mair ;
But I've twa sonfy lasses young and fair,
Plump ripe for men : I wish ye cou'd foresee
Sic fortunes for them might prove joy to me.

Sir Will. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift,
Till darkness black the bent :
I have but anes a day that gift ;
Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, cast on the claith, fetch butt some
meat,
And, of your best, gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir Will. Delay a while your hospitable care ;
I'd rather enjoy this evening calm and fair,

Around

Around yon ruin'd tower, to fetch a walk
With you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire :—
And, Glau'd, you'll take your pipe beside the fire ;
We'll but gae round the Place, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our pint, and crack.

Glau'd. I'll out a while, and see the young anes
play.

My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Jenny pretends an errand hame,
Young Roger draps the rest,
To whisper out his melting flame,
And thow his lassie's breast.
Behind a bush, well hid frae sight, they meet :
See Jenny's laughing ; Roger's like to greet.
Poor Shepherd !

ROGER *and* JENNY.

Roger.

DEAR Jenny, I wad speak to ye, wad ye let ;
And yet I ergh, ye're ay fae scornfu' set.

Jen. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak ?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek.

Rog. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een.
And I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn ;
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith ev'n and morn.

Ah !

Ah! cou'd I loo ye less, I'd happy be;
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest lad, but that I may;
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye nay.

Rog. Alake! my frighted heart begins to fail,
When e'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has win your love, and near your heart may ly.

Jen. I loo my father, coufin Meg I love;
But to this day, nae man my mind could move:
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;
And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny?—Sayna that again;
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free:
Wha kens but ye may rue, and pity me?

Jen. Ye have my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon foryet.
Wow! but we're bonny, good, and every thing;
How sweet we breathe, whene'er we kifs, or sing!
But we're nae sooner fools to give consent,
Than we our daffine and tint power repent:
When prison'd in four waws, a wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

Rog. That only happens, when for sake of gear,
Ane wales a wife, as he wad buy a mear;
Or when dull parents bairns together bind
Of different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me,
Tho' thou should scorn,—still to delight in thee.

Jen. What suggard'd words frae woers lips can fa'!
But girning marriage comes and ends them a'.

I've

I've seen with shining fair the morning rise,
 And soon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies.
 I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
 And soon in mossy puddles disappear.
 The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;
 But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the morning rise with fairest light,
 The day unclouded sink in calmest night.
 I've seen the spring rin wimpling through the plain,
 Increase and join the ocean without stain.
 The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile,
 Rejoice thro' life, and all your fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wou'd love maintain,

The fewest words my easy heart could gain:
 For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
 Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
 And ever had a warmness in my breast,
 That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my head!—
 This gush of pleasure's like to be my dead.
 Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm all fir'd
 With wondring love! let's kifs till we be tir'd.
 Kifs, kifs! we'll kifs the sun and starns away,
 And ferly at the quick return of day!
 O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,
 And brifs thy bonny breasts and lips to mine.

Which

Which may be sung as follows.

SANG XIII.—*Tune, Leith Wynd.*

JENNY.

*Were I assur'd you'll constant prove,
You should nae mair complain,
The easy maid, beset with love,
Few words will quickly gain :
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart of mine
Has lang, a black-sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.*

ROGER.

*I'm happy now, ah ! let my head
Upon thy breast recline ;
The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead,
Is Jenny then sae kind ?——
O ! let me brifs thee to my heart,
And round my arms entwine :
Delytfu' thought, we'll never part,
Come press thy lips to mine.*

Jen. With equal joy my easy heart gi'es way,
To own thy well try'd love has won the day.
Now by these warmest kisses thou has tane,
Swear thus to love me, when by vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb,
There shall not be a kindlier dawted wife,
If you agree with me to lead your life.

H

Jen,

Jen. Well, I agree :—Neist, to my parent gae,
Get his consent ;—he'll hardly say ye nay.
Ye hawe what will commend ye to him well,
Auld fowks, like them, that wants na milk and meal.

SANG XIV.—*Tune, O'er Bogie.*

*Well, I agree, ye're sure of me ;
Next to my father gae :
Make him content to give consent,
He'll hardly say you nay :
For you hawe what he wad be at,
And will commend you well,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns want milk and meal.*

*Shou'd he deny, I care na by,
He'd contradict in vain,
Tho' a' my kin had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like these in high degree ;
And if ye prove faithful in love,
You'll find nae faut in me.*

Rog, My faulds contain twice fifteen forrow nowt,
As mony newcal in my byars rowt ;
Five pack of woo I can at Lammas sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleeters on the fell :
Good twenty pair of blankets for our bed,
With meikle care, my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that makes a heartsome house and tight,
Was still her care, my father's great delight.

They

They left me all ; which now gie's joy to me,
Because I can give a', my dear, to thee :

And had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair.
My love and all is your's ; now had them fast,
And guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jen. I'll do my best.—But see wha comes this way,
Patie and Meg ;—besides, I mauna stay :
Let's steal frae ither now, and meet the morn ;
If we be seen, we'll drie a deal of scorn.

Rog. To where the saugh-tree shades the mennin-
pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool :
Keep trife, and meet me there ;—there let us meet,
To kifs, and tell our love ;—there's nought fae sweet.

SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

This scene presents the Knight and Sym
Within a Gallery of the Place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim ;
Nor has the Baron shown his face,
But joking with his shepherd leel,
Aft speers the gate he kens fu' well.

SIR WILLIAM and SYMON:

Sir William.

TO whom belongs this house so much decay'd ?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending generous aid,
To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
Against the laws of nature did prevail.

H 2

Sir

Sir William Worthy is our master's name,
 Whilk fills us all with joy, now *He's come hame.*

*(Sir William draps his masking beard,
 Symon transported sees
 The welcome Knight, with fond regard,
 And grasps him round the knees.)*

My master! my dear master!—do I breathe,
 To see him healthy, strong, and free frae skaith;
 Return'd to chear his wishing tenants fight,
 To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

Sir Will. Rise, faithful Symon; in my arms enjoy
 A place, thy due, kind guardian of my boy:
 I came to view thy care in this disguise,
 And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise;
 Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
 And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
 Was the first lock;—neist, my ain judgment fand
 Out reasons plenty: since, without estate,
 A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh and blate,

Sir Will. And aften vain and idly spend their time,
 'Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
 Hang on their friends—which gi'es their fauls a cast,
 That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true;
 For there's laird Kytie's son, that's loo'd by few:
 His father steght his fortune in his wame,
 And left his heir nought but a gentle name.
 He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
 As scrimp of manners, as of sense and grace;

Oppressing

Oppressing all as punishment of their sin,
That are within his tenth degree of kin :
Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's fae unjust
To his ain fam'ly, as to give him trust.

Sir Will. Such uselefs branches of a common-wealth,
Should be lopt off, to give a state mair health.
Unworthy bare reflection.—Symon, run
O'er all your observations on my son ;
A parent's fondness easily finds excuse :
But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the langest simmer day
Wad be o'er short,—cou'd I them right display.
In word and deed he can fae well behave,
That out of sight he runs before the lave ;
And when there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
Patrick's made judge to tell whase cause is best ;
And his decret stands good ;—he'll gar it stand :
Wha dares to grumble, finds his correcting hand ;
With a firm look, and a commanding way,
He gars the proudest of our herds obey.

Sir Will. Your tale much pleases ;—my good friend,
proceed :

What learning has he ? Can he write and read ?

Sym. Baith wonder well ; for, troth, I didna spare
To gi'e him at the school enough of lair ;
And he delites in books :—He reads, and speaks
With fowks that ken them, Latin words and Greeks.

Sir Will. Where gets he books to read ?—and of
what kind ?

Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,
He buys some books of history, fangs or sport :

Nor

Nor does he want of them a rowth at will,
 And carries ay a poutchfu' to the hill.
 About ane Shakspear, and a famous Ben,
 He aften speaks, and ca's them best of men.
 How sweetly Hawthrenden and Stirling sing,
 And ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He kens fu' well, and gars their verses ring.
 I sometimes thought he made o'er great a fraise,
 About fine poems, histories and plays.
 When I reprov'd him anes,—a book he brings,
 With this, quoth he, on braes I crack with kings.

Sir Will. He answer'd well; and much ye glad my ear,
 When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.
 Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
 Above a lord's that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that fae findle look,
 Except on rainy Sundays, on a book;
 When we a leaf or twa haff read haff spell,
 'Till a' the rest sleep round as well's our sell?

Sir Will. Well jested, Symon:—But one question more
 I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.
 The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
 Flighter around young hearts like cooing doves:
 Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien,
 And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
 Engag'd his look, and caught his youthfu' heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest part,
 'Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet,
 With Glaud's fair Niece, than I thought right or meet:
 I had my fears; but now have nought to fear,
 Since like your sell your son will soon appear.

A gentleman, enrich'd with all these charms,
May bless the fairest best born lady's arms.

Sir Will. This night must end his unambitious fire,
When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;
None but your self shall our first meeting see.
Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand,
They come just at the time I gave command;
Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress:
Now ye the secret may to all confess.

Sym. With how much joy I on this errand flee!
There's nane can know that is not downright me.
[Exit SYMON.]

Sir WILLIAM solus.

When the event of hopes successfully appears,
One happy hour cancels the toil of years.
A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
And cares evanish like a morning dream;
When wish'd for pleasures rise like morning light,
The pain that's past enhances the delight.
These joys I feel that words can ill express,
I ne'er had known without my late distress.
But from his rustick business and love,
I must in haste my Patrick soon remove,
To courts and camps that may his soul improve.
Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,
Only in little breakings shews its light,
Till artfu' polishing has made it shine:

Thus education makes the genius bright. [Exit.
Or

Or sung as follows.

SANG XV.—*Tune, Wat ye wha I met Yestreen.*

*Now from rusticity and love,
Whose flames but over lowly burn,
My gentle shepherd must be drove,
His soul must take another turn :
As the rough diamond from the mine,
In breakings only shews its light,
Till polishing has made it shine :
Thus learning makes the genius bright.*

End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

The scene describ'd in former page,
Glaud's onset.—Enter *Mause* and *Madge*.

Mause.

OUR laird's come hame ! and owns young Pate his
That's news indeed !—— [heir !

Mad.——As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing all in Symon's yard,
Sir William, like a warlock, with a beard
Five nives in length, and white as driven snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,
While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.

As

As we stood round about him on the green,
 He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een;
 Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spae,
 Yet for his pains and skill wad nathing ha'e.

Maufe. Then sure the lasses, and ilk gaping coof,
 Wad rin about him, and had out their loof.

Mad. As fast as flaes skip to the tate of woo,
 Whilk flee Tod Lawrie hads without his mow,
 When he to drown them, and his hips to cool,
 In simmer days slides backward in a pool:
 In short he did, for Pate, braw things fortell,
 Without the help of conjuring or spell.

At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
 Pow'd aff his beard to Symon, Symon knew
 His welcome master;—round his knees he gat,
 Hang at his coat, and fyne for blythness grat.
 Patrick was sent for;—happy lad is he!
 Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon;
 And troth 'tis e'en right odd when a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,
 Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsell.
 Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

Maufe. It may be sae; wha kens? and may be no:
 To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain;
 Ev'n kings have tane a queen out of the plain:
 And what has been before, may be again.

Mad. Sic nonsense! love tak root, but tocher-good,
 'Tween a herd's bairn, and ane of gentle blood:
 Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be;
 But ficcan ferlies now we never see.

Maufe. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain;
Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain!
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain. }

Mad. He get her! flaverin doof; it sets him weil
To yoke a plough where Patrick thought to till.
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young Master see—

Maufe. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he:
And so wad I. But whisht, here Bauldy comes.

Enter BAULDY singing.

*Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass my sell;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.*

I trow fae.—Lasses will come too at last,
Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

Maufe. Well, Bauldy, how gaes a'?—

Baul. ————Faith unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

Mad. And wha's th' unlucky ane, if we may ask?

Baul. To find out that, is nae difficult task;
Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate, turn'd Patrick, and Sir William's heir.
Now, now, good Madge, and honest Maufe, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove;
Less wilful, and ay constant in my love.

Mad. As Neps can witness, and the bushy thorn,
Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn:
Fy! Bauldy, blush, and vows of love regard;
What other lads will trow a mansworn herd?
The curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their heads,
That's ever guilty of sic finfu' deeds.

I'll

I'll ne'er advise my niece fae gray a gate;
Nor will she be advis'd, fu' well I wate.

Baul. Sae gray a gate! mansworn! and a' the rest:
Ye leed, *auld Roudes*—and, in faith, had best
Eat in your words; else I shall gar you stand
With a het face afore the haly band.

Mad. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabbit brock;
Speak that again, and, trembling, dread my rock,
And ten sharp nails, that when my hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o'ye'r cheeks out o'er your chin.

Baul. I tak ye witness, Maufe, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn:—I winna let it gae.

Mad. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bonny names,
And should be fery'd as his good breeding claims.
Ye filthy dog!———

[Flies to his hair like a fury.—A stout battle.—

Maufe endeavours to redd them.

Maufe. Let gang your grips, fy, Madge! howt, Bauldy
I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen; [leen:
'Tis fae daft like.——

*[Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a
bleeding nose.*

Mad.——'Tis dafter like to thole
An ether-cap, like him, to blaw the coal.
It sets him well, with vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young;
They're aulder yet than I have married been,
And or they died their bairns bairns have seen.

Maufe. That's true; and Bauldy ye was far to blame, }
To ca' Madge ought but her ain christen'd name. }

Baul. My lugs, my nose, and noddle finds the same. }

Mad. Auld Roudes ! filthy fallow ; I shall auld ye.

Maufe. Howt no !—ye'll e'en be friends with honest Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands ; this maun nae farder gae :
Ye maun forgi'e'm. I see the lad looks wae.

Baul. In troth now, Maufe, I have at Madge nae spite :
But she abusing first, was a' the wite
Of what has happen'd : And should therefore crave
My pardon first, and shall acquittance have.

Mad. I crave your pardon ! Gallows-face, gae greet,
And own your faut to her that ye wad cheat,
Gae, or be blasted in your health and gear,
'Till ye learn to perform, as well as swear.
Vow, and lowp back !—was e'er the like heard tell ?
Swith, tak him deil ; he's o'er lang out of hell.

Baul. [*running off.*] His presence be about us ! Curst
were he
That were condemn'd for life to live with thee.

[*Exit BAULDY.*]

Mad. [*laughing.*] I think I've towzl'd his harigalds
a wee ;
He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
A lassie fae, he does but ill deserve.

Maufe. Ye towin'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't ;
His bleeding snout gave me nae little sport :
For this forenoon he had that scant of grace,
And breeding baith,—to tell me to my face,
He hop'd I was a Witch, and wadna stand,
To lend him in this case my helping hand.

Mad. A Witch !—How had ye patience this to bear,
And leave him een to see, or lugs to hear ?

Maufe.

Maufe. Auld wither'd hands, and feeble joints like mine,
 Obliges fowk resentment to decline ;
 Till aft 'tis seen, when vigour fails, then we
 With cunning can the lake of pith supplie.
 Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,
 Syne bade him come, and we should gang to wark :
 I'm sure he'll keep his triste ; and I came here
 To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Mad. And special sport we'll have, as I protest ;
 Ye'll be the Witch, and I shall play the Ghast,
 A linen sheet wond round me like ane dead,
 I'll cawk my face, and grane, and shake my head.
 We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
 A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

Maufe. Then let us go ; for see, 'tis hard on night,
 The westlin cloud shines red with setting light. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,
 And the green swaird grows damp with falling dew,
 While good Sir William is to rest retir'd,
 The Gentle Shepherd tenderly inspir'd,
 Walks through the broom with Roger ever leel,
 To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewell.

PATIE and ROGER.

Roger.

WOW ! but I'm cadgie, and my heart lowps light.
 O, Mr Patrick ! ay your thoughts were right -
 Sure

Sure gentle fowk are farther seen than we,
 That naething ha'e to brag of pedigree.
 My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
 Is perfect yielding,—sweet,—and nae mair scorn.
 I spake my mind—she heard—I spake again,
 She smil'd—I kifs'd—I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't—But O my change this
 day

Heaves up my joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.
 I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
 And an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
 With looks all kindness, words that love confest ; }
 He all the father to my soul exprest,
 While close he held me to his manly breast. }
 Such were the eyes, he said, thus smil'd the mouth
 Of thy lov'd mother, blessing of my youth ;
 Who set too soon !—And while he praise bestow'd,
 Adown his graceful cheek a torrent flow'd.
 My new-born joys, and this his tender tale,
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail :
 That speechless lang, my late kend Sire I view'd,
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedew'd.
 Unusual transports made my head turn round, }
 Whilst I myself with rising raptures found }
 The happy son of ane sae much renown'd.
 But he has heard !—too faithful Symon's fear
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear :
 Which he forbids.—Ah ! this confounds my peace,
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a stand :
 But wer't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Pat.

Pat. Duty, and haften reason plead his cause!
But what cares love for reason, rules and laws?
Still in my heart my shepherdes excells,
And part of my new happiness repells.

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVI.—*Tune*, Kirk wad let me be.

*Duty and part of reason
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love superior calls treason;
The strongest must be obey'd.
For now tho' I'm one o' the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repells;
For change in my heart is no entry,
Still there my dear Peggy excells.*

Rog. Enjoy them baith.—Sir William will be won:
Your Peggy's bonny;—you're his only son.

Pat. She's mine by vows, and stronger ties of love;
And frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.
I'll wed nane else; thro' life I will be true:
But still obedience is a parent's due.

Rog. Is not our master and your fell to stay
Amang us here?—or are ye gawn away
To London court, or ither far aff parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken hearts?

Pat. To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance,
To London neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some years, and learn—to dance,
And twa three other monky-tricks.—That done,
I come hame struting in my red-heel'd shoon.

Then

Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
 That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,
 For some few bags of cash, that I wat weel,
 I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.
 But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
 Sooner than hear sic news shall hear my death.

*Rog. They wha have just enough, can soundly sleep;
 The o'ercome only fashbes fowk to keep.*——

Good Mr Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Pat. What was my morning thought, at night's
 the same.

The poor and rich but differ in the name.
 Content's the greatest blifs we can procure
 Frae 'boon the lift.—Without it kings are poor.

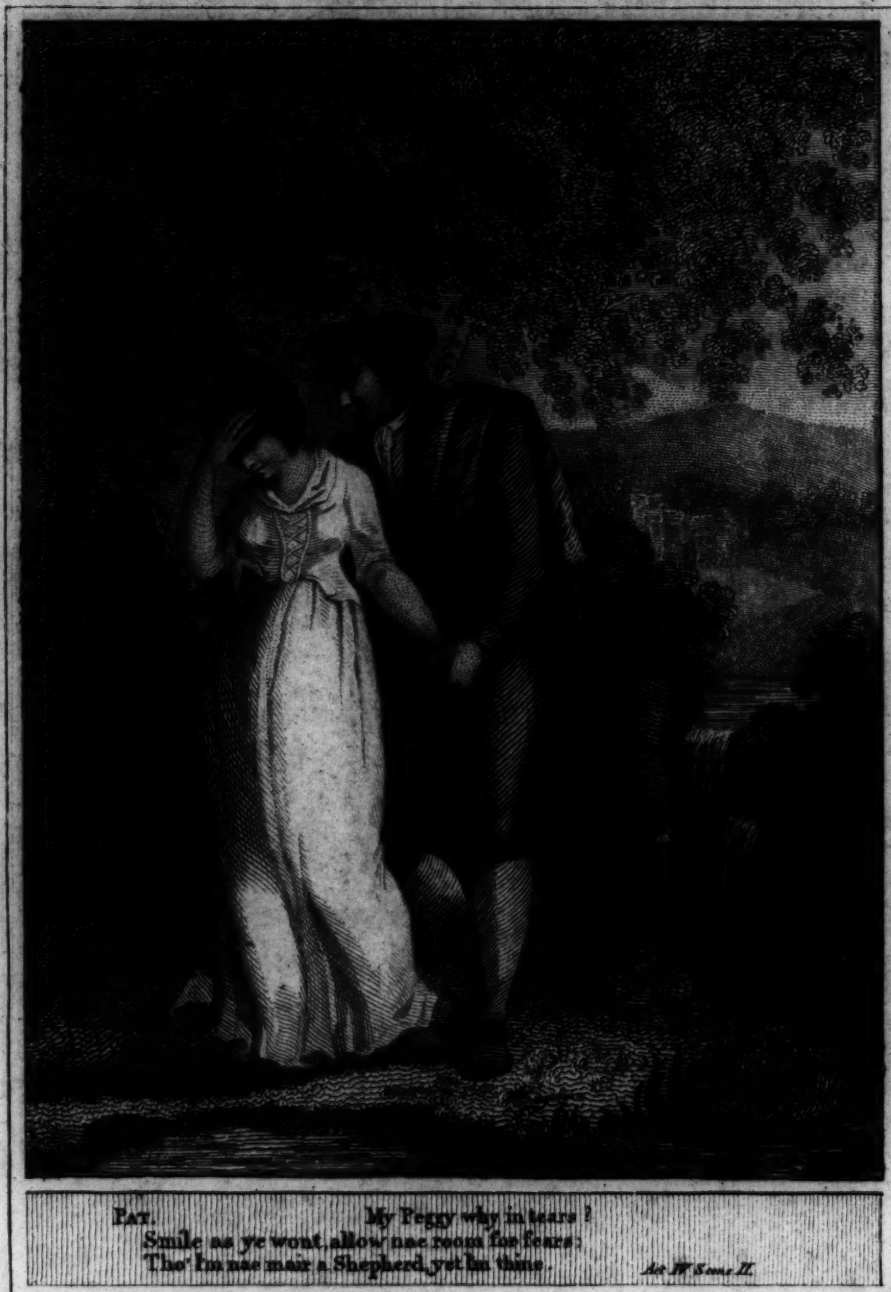
Rog. But an estate like your's yields braw content,
 When we but pick it scanty on the bent:
 Fine claiths, fast beds, sweet houses, and red wine,
 Good chear, and witty friends, whene'er ye dine;
 Obeysant servants, honour, wealth and ease:
 Wha's no content with these, are ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss;
 But mony a cloud hings hovering o'er the blifs.
 The passions rule the roast;—and, if they're fowr,
 Like the lean ky, will soon the fat devour.
 The spleen, tint honour, and affronted pride,
 Stang like the sharpest goads in gentry's side.
 The gouts and gravels, and the ill disease,
 Are frequentest with fowk o'erlaid with ease;
 While o'er the moor the shepherd, with less care,
 Enjoys his sober wish, and hale some air.

Rog. Lord, man! I wonder ay, and it delights
 My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.

How





PAT. My Peggy why in tears!
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a Shepherd, yet I'm there.

Act IV Scene II.

Drawn by W. Wier.

Engraved by E. Mitchell.

Published as the Act directs by Geo. Reid & Co. Edinburgh 1798.

How gat ye a' that fense, I fain wad lear,
That I may easier disappointments bear.

Pat. Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat some skill;
These best can teach what's real good and ill.
Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes of cheese,
To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy:
Faith I've ha'e books, tho' I should sell my ky.
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move,
Between Sir William's will, and Peggy's love.

Pat. Then here it lies;—His will maun be obey'd;
My vows I'll keep, and she shall be my bride:
But I some time this last design maun hide. }
Keep you the secret close, and leave me here;
I sent for Peggy, yonder comes my dear.

Rog. Pleas'd that ye trust me with the secret, I
To wyle it frae me a' the deils defy. [*Exit ROGER.*]

Pat. [*solus.*] With what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that hads my heart!
I ken she loves, and her fast faul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment.—Heaven! support my fair,
And let her comfort claim your tender care.
Her eyes are red!—

Enter PEGGY.

—————My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare not think sae high: I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that made not me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.

K

Wha

Wha can, withoutten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his all like to be lost?
Like to be carry'd, by some rever's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land?

Pat. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it with me remains,
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own:
But love's superior to a parent's frown.
I falsehood hate: Come, kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love, as well as to obey.
Sir William's generous; leave the task to me,
To make strict duty and true love agree.

Peg. Speak on!—speak ever thus, and still my grief;
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That with nice air swims round in silk attire:
Then I, poor me!—with sighs may ban my fate,
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate;
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales express,
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest:
Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
When Patie kiss'd me, when I danc'd or sang:
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play!
And rin haff breathless round the rucks of hay;
As aftimes I have fled from thee right fain,
And fawn on purpose, that I might be tane.
Nae mair around the Foggy-know I'll creep,
To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.
But hear my vow—'twill help to give me ease;
May sudden death, or deadly fair disease,
And warst of ills attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane, but you, I be a wife.

Or

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVII.—*Tune, Wae's my heart that we should
sunder.*

*Speak on,—speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
A gentler face, and silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Alake poor me! will now conspire
To steal thee from thy Peggy's bosom.*

*No more the shepherd, who excell'd
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell,
Ah! I can die, but never sunder.
Ye meadows where we often stray'd,
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,
Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets when we're asunder.*

*Again, ah! shall I never creep
Around the Know with silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee, while asleep,
And wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,
Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring lover,
Thro' life to thee I shall prove true,
Nor be a wife to any other.*

Pat. Sure Heaven approves—and be assur'd of me,
I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:

And time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my Peggy and this isle ;
 Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.
 I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move
 The fair foundation of our faithful love.
 If at my foot were crowns and scepters laid,
 To bribe my soul frae thee, delightful maid ;
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things
 To sic as have the patience to be kings.
 Wherefore that tear? Believe, and calm thy mind.

Peg. I greet for joy, to hear thy words sae kind.
 When hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk despair
 Made me think life was little worth my care,
 My heart was like to burst ; but now I see
 Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me.
 With patience then I'll wait each wheeling year,
 Hope time away, till thou with joy appear ;
 And all the while I'll study gentler charms,
 To make me fitter for my traveller's arms :
 I'll gain on uncle Glaud,—he's far frae fool,
 And will not grudge to put me thro' ilk school ;
 Where I may manners learn——

Or sung as follows.

SANG XVIII.—*Tune, Tweedside.*

*When hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was going to break ;
 My life appear'd worthless my care,
 But now I will sav't for thy sake.*

Where'er

*Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
With me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him ever in sight.*

*With patience I'll wait the long year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in those arms.
Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height is becoming thy wife.*

*For beauty that's only skin-deep,
Must fade like the gowans of May,
But inwardly rooted, will keep
For ever, without a decay.
Nor age, nor the changes of life,
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.*

*Pat. ————— That's wisely said,
And what he wares that way shall be well paid.
Tho' without a' the little helps of art,
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart:
Yet now, left in our station, we offend,
We must learn modes, to innocence unkend;
Affect a' times to like the thing we hate,
And drap serenity, to keep up state:
Laugh, when we're sad; speak, when we've nought
to say;
And, for the fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae:*
Pay

Pay compliments to them we aft have scorn'd;
Then scandalize them, when their backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is gentry, I had rather be
What I am still—But I'll be ought with thee.

Pat. No, no, my Peggy, I but only jest
With gentry's apes; for still amangst the best,
Good manners give integrity a bleez,
When native vertues join the arts to please.

Peg. Since with nae hazard, and sae small expence,
My lad frae books can gather ficcan sense;
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea,
Endanger thy dear life, and frighten me?
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-what's, sae great a risk to run.

Pat. There is nae doubt, but travelling does im-
prove,
Yet I would shun it for thy sake, my love.
But soon as I've shook aff my landwart cast,
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. With every setting day, and rising morn,
I'll kneel to Heaven, and ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, and on the Suckler Brae,
Where aft we wont, when bairns, to run and play,
And to the Hissel-shaw where first ye vow'd
Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, and tell the trees and flowers,
With joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

Or

Or sung as follows.

SANG XIX.—*Tune, Bush aboon Traquair.*

*At setting day, and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit oft the Birken Bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.*

*To all our haunts I will repair,
By Greenwood-shaw or fountain,
Or where the summer-day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.*

Pat. My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,
A shining ringlet of thy flowing hair;
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kiss, and wear about my arm.

Peg. Were't in my power with better boons to please,
I'd give the best I could with the same ease;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had faln to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Pat. I doubt it not; but since we've little time
To ware't on words, wad border on a crime:
Love's faster meaning better is exprest,
When 'tis with kisses on the heart imprest. [*Exeunt.*]

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T

A C T V.

SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

See how poor Bauldy stares like ane posselt,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly rest.
Bare-leg'd, with night-cap, and unbutton'd coat,
See, the auld man comes forward to the fot.

SYMON *and* BAULDY.

Symon.

WHAT want ye, Bauldy, at this early hour,
While drowfy sleep keeps a' beneath its pow'r?
Far to the north, the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake and glowr, and look fae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Baul. O len me soon some water, milk or ale,
My head's grown giddy,—legs with shaking fail;
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane;
Alake! I'll never be my fell again.
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon! O Symon! O!

[Symon gives him a drink.]

Sym. What ails thee, gowk!—to make fae loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William, he has left his bed;
He comes, I fear ill pleas'd; I hear his tred.

Enter SIR WILLIAM.

Sir Will. How goes the night? Does day-light yet
appear?

Symon, you're very timeously afeer.

Sym.

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest :
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppress'd ;
He's seen some witch, or wrestl'd with a ghaist. }

Baul. O ay,—dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true ;
And I am come to make my plaint to you.

Sir Will. [*smiling.*] I lang to hear't—

Baul.———Ah ! Sir, the witch ca'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her art,
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trifted, I met wi'er this night ;
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright !
For the curs'd hag, instead of doing me good,
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blood !)
Rais'd up a ghaist or deil, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse in sheet as white as milk ;
Black hands it had, and face as wan as death,
Upon me fast the Witch and *it* fell baith,
And gat me down ; while I, like a great fool,
Was laboured as I wout to be at school.
My heart out of its hool was like to lowp ;
I pithless grew with fear, and had nae hope,
Till, with an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite :
Syne I, haff dead with anger, fear and spite,
Crap up, and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help, to gi'e the deil his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be burnt.

Sir Will. Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall granted be ;
Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Baul. Thanks to your Honour ; soon shall I obey :
But first I'll Roger raise, and twa three mae,

L

To

To catch her fast, or she get leave to squeel,
 And cast her cantraips that bring up the deil. [*Exit.*
Sir Will. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than
 hurt,

The witch and ghaist have made themselves good sport.
 What filly notions crowd the clouded mind,
 That is thro' want of education blind !

Sym. But does your Honour think there's nae sic thing
 As witches raising deils up thro' a ring ?
 Syne playing tricks, a thousand I cou'd tell,
 Cou'd never be contriv'd on this side hell.

Sir Will. Such as the devil's dancing in a moor,
 Amongst a few old women craz'd and poor,
 Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
 O'er braes and bogs, with candles in his dowp ;
 Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd cow,
 Aftimes like Bawty, Badrans, or a Sow :
 Then with his train thro' airy paths to glide,
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs ride ;
 Or in the egg-shell skim out o'er the main,
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain :
 Then aft by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
 By tumbling down their cup-board, chairs and stools.
 Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
 Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich.
 But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
 And lives a quiet and very honest life ;
 That gars me think this hoble-shew that's past
 Will land in naithing but a joke at last.

Sir Will.

Sir Will. I'm sure it will :—But see increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night ;
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX.—Bonny grey-ey'd morn.

*The bonny grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray,
The hearty hind starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day :
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
And he joins their concert, driving his plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.*

*While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
Be my portion health, and quietness of mind,
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.*
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
 With a blew snood Jenny binds up her hair;
 Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek,
 The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek,
 A pipe his mouth; the lassies please his een,
 And now and than his joke maun interveen.

GLAUD, JENNY and PEGGY.

Glaud.

I WISH, my bairns, it may keep fair till night;
 Ye do not use fae soon to see the light.
 Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the thrang,
 To take your leave of Patrick or he gang.
 But do ye think that now when he's a laird,
 That he poor landwart lassies will regard?

Jen. Tho' he's young Master now, I'm very sure
 He has mair sense than slight auld friends, tho' poor.
 But yesterday he ga'e us mony a tug,
 And kiss'd my cousin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
 But, be advis'd, his company refrain:
 Before he, as a shepherd, fought a wife,
 With her to live a chaste and frugal life;
 But now grown gentle, soon he will forsake
 Sic godly thoughts, and brag of being a rake.

Peg. A rake! what's that?—Sure if it means ought
 ill,
 He'll never be't, else I have tint my skill.

Glaud.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought of the affair,
 Ane young and good and gentle's unco rare.
 A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame,
 To do what like of us thinks sin to name :
 Sic are fae void of shame, they'll never flap
 To brag how aften they have had the clap.
 They'll tempt young things, like you, with youdith
 flush'd,

Syn e make ye a' their jest, when ye're debauch'd.
 Be warry then, I say, and never gi'e
 Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's vertuous, and of gentle blood ;
 And may not Patrick too, like him, be good ?

Glaud. That's true, and mony gentry mae than he,
 As they are wiser, better are than we ;
 But thinner fawn : They're fae puft up with pride,
 There's mony of them mocks ilk haly guide,
 That shaws the gate to Heaven.—I've heard my fell,
 Some of them laugh at doomsday, sin and hell.

Jen. Watch o'er us, father ! heh ! that's very odd ;
 Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt ! why they neither doubt, nor judge,
 nor think,
 Nor hope, nor fear ; but curse, debauch and drink :
 But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
 That Patrick to sic gates will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid ! Na, he kens better things :
 But here comes aunt ; her face some ferly brings.

Enter MADGE.

Mad. Haste, haste ye ; we're a' sent for o'er the gate,
 To hear, and help to redd some odd debate

'Tween

'Tween Maufe and Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell,
At Symon's house : The Knight sits judge himsell.

Glaud. Lend me my staff ;—Madge, lock the outer-
door,

And bring the lasses wi' ye ; I'll step before. [*Exit.*

Mad. Poor Meg !—Look, Jenny, was the like e'er
seen,

How bleer'd and red with greeting look her een ?

This day her brankan wooer takes his horse,

To strute a gentle spark at Edinburgh cros ;

To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,

For a nice fword, and glancing headed cane ;

To leave his ram-horn spoons, and kitted whey,

For gentler tea, that smells like new won hay ;

To leave the green-fwaird dance, when we gae milk,

To ruffle amang the beauties clad in filk.

But Meg, poor Meg ! maun with the shepherd stay,

And tak what God will send, in hodden-gray.

Peg. Dear aunt, what need ye fash us wi' your scorn ?

That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.

Gif I the daughter of some laird had been,

I ne'er had notic'd Patie on the green :

Now since he rises, why should I repine ?

If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine.

And then, the like has been, if the decree

Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Mad. A bonny story, trowth !—But we delay :

Prin up your aprons baith, and come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
 While Symon, Roger, Glaud and Mause,
 Attend, and with loud laughter hear
 Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause :
 For now 'tis tell'd him that the taz
 Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
 Because he brak good breeding's laws,
 And with his nonsense rais'd their rage.

SIR WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD,
 BAULDY and MAUSE.

Sir William.

AND was that all?—Well Bauldy, ye was serv'd
 No itherwise than what ye well deserv'd.
 Was it so small a matter, to defame,
 And thus abuse an honest woman's name?
 Besides your going about to have betray'd
 By perjury an innocent young maid.

Baul. Sir, I confes my faut thro' a' the steps,
 And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Mause. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the score ;
 I kend not that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it well ;
 But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the deil :
 Yet, with your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae Witch,
 She's baith a flee and a revengefu —
 And that my *Some-place* finds ;—but I had best
 Had in my tongue ; for yonder comes the *Ghaist*,
 And the young bonny *Witch*, whase rosy cheek
 Sent me, without my wit, the deil to seek.

Enter

Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Sir Will. [*looking at Peggy.*] Whose daughter's she
that wears th' Aurora gown,
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?
How sparkling are her eyes! What's this! I find
The girl brings all my sifter to my mind.
Such were the features once adorn'd a face,
Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
Is this your daughter, Glaud?—

Glaud.———Sir, she's my niece;—
And yet she's not;—but I should hald my peace.

Sir Will. This is a contradiction: What d'ye mean?
She is, and is not! Pray thee, Glaud, explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt, if I should make appear }
What I have kept a secret thirteen year. }

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear. }

Sir Will. Speak soon; I'm all impatience!—

Pat.———So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud.—Then, since my master orders, I obey.
This *Bonny Fundling*, ae clear morn of May,
Close by the lee-side of my door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In infant-weeds of rich and gentle make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, warfe than brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to air
Sae much of innocence sae sweetly fair,
Sae hopeless young? for she appear'd to me
Only about twa towmands auld to be.
I took her in my arms, the bairnie smil'd
With sic a look wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story : She has pass'd sincefyne
 As a poor orphan, and a niece of mine.
 Nor do I rue my care about the we'an,
 For she's well worth the pains that I have tane.
 Ye see she's bonny, I can swear she's good,
 And am right sure she's come of gentle blood :
 Of whom I kenna.—Nathing ken I mair,
 Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This tale seems strange !——

Pat.———The tale delights my ear ; [appear.

Sir Will. Command your joys, young man, till truth

Mause. That be my task.—Now, Sir, bid all be hush :
 Peggy may smile ;—thou hast nae cause to blush.

Long have I wish'd to see this happy day,
 That I might safely to the truth give way ;
 That I may now Sir William Worthy name,
 The best and nearest friend that she can claim :
 He saw't at first, and with quick eye did trace
 His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

Sir Will. Old woman, do not rave,—prove what you
 say ;

'Tis dangerous in affairs like this to play.

Pat. What reason, Sir, can an old woman have
 To tell a lie, when she's fae near her grave ?
 But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,
 I every thing looks like a reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd ! we wish we heard it out.

Sir Will. Mak haste, good woman, and resolve each
 doubt.

[*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*]

Mause. Sir, view me well : Has fifteen years so plow'd
 A wrinkled face that you have often view'd,

M

That

That here I as an unknown stranger stand,
 Who nurs'd her mother that now holds my hand?
 Yet stronger proofs I'll give, if you demand. }

Sir Will. Ha! honest nurse, where were my eyes
 before!

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
 Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
 Say, to expose her who was so unkind?

[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*]

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail:
 But no more words, till Maufe relate her tale.

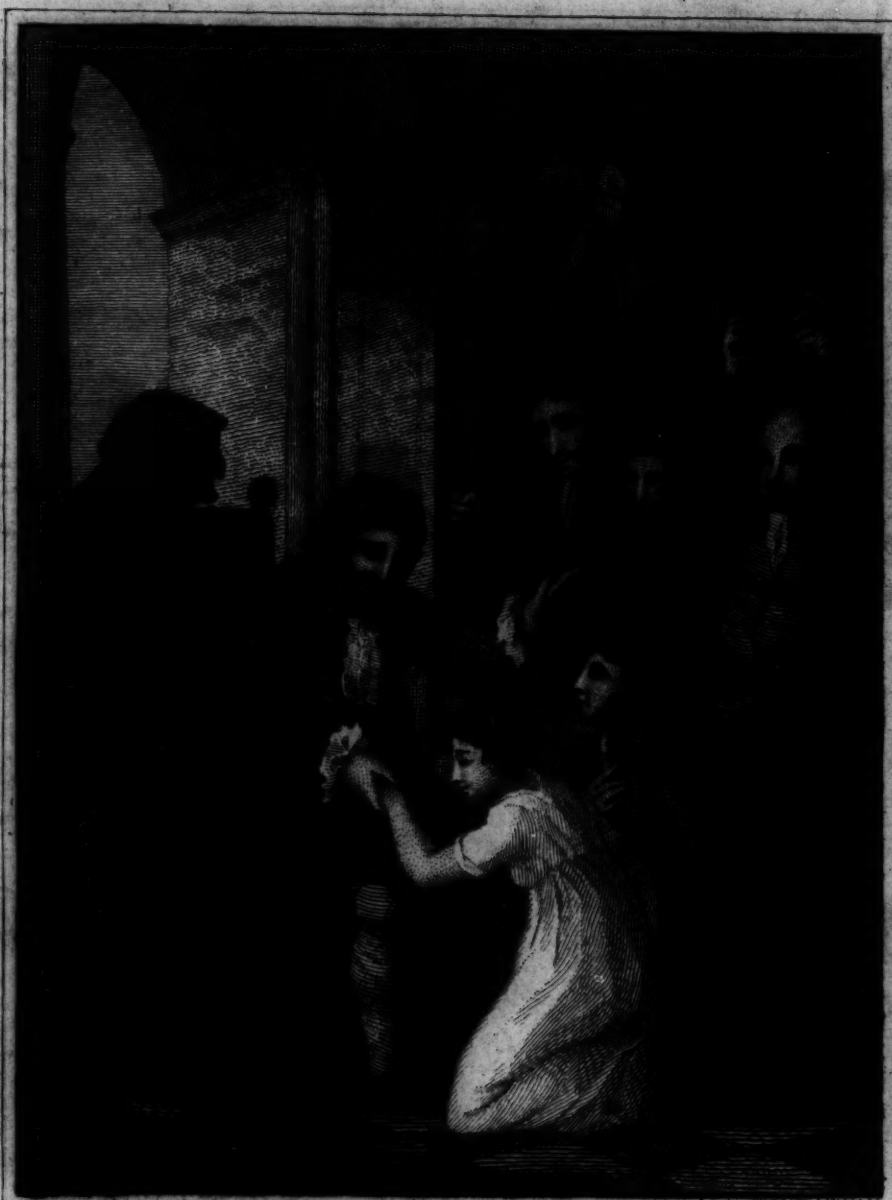
Pat. Good nurse, go on; nae music's haff sae fine,
 Or can give pleasure like these words of thine.

Maufe. Then, it was I that sav'd her infant-life,
 Her death being threatned by an uncle's wife.
 The story's lang; but I the secret knew,
 How they pursu'd, with avaritious view,
 Her rich estate, of which they're now possess:
 All this to me a confident confest.

I heard with horror, and with trembling dread,
 They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed!
 That very night, when all were sunk in rest,
 At midnight hour, the floor I fastly prest,
 And staw the sleeping innocent away;
 With whom I travel'd some few miles e'er day:
 All day I hid me,—when the day was done,
 I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
 Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
 Where needful plenty glads your chearful swains;
 Afraid of being found out, I to secure
 My Charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,

And





ST. WILLIAMS I give you both my blessing: may you love,
Produce a happy race, and still improve

Designed by W. War.

Engraved by R. Mitchell

Published as the Act directs by Geo. Reid and Co. Edinburgh Dec: 1798.

And took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himsell, and Symon may
Remember well, how I that very day
Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud. [with tears of joy happing down his beard.]

I well remember't. Lord reward your love :
Lang have I wish'd for this ; for aft I thought,
Sic knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Pat. 'Tis now a crime to doubt,—my joys are full,
With due obedience to my parent's will.
Sir, with paternal love survey her charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her arms.
She's mine by vows ; and would, tho' still unknown,
Have been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

Sir Will. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my
Sweet image of thy mother good and fair, [care,
Equal with Patrick : Now my greatest aim
Shall be, to aid your joys, and well match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,
With as good will as either would demand.

[Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.]

Pat. With as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life, that's sinking in a wave.

Sir Will. [raises them.] I give you both my blessing:
may your love
Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peg. My wishes are compleat,—my joys arise,
While I'm haff dizzy with the blest surprife,
And am I then a match for my ain lad,
'That for me so much generous kindness had ?
Lang may Sir William blefs these happy plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Be lang our guardian, still our Master be ;
 We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e :
 The estate be your's, my Peggy's ane to me. }

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will take amends
 Of them that fought her life for wicked ends.

Sir Will. The base unnatural villain soon shall know,
 That eyes above watch the affairs below.
 I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
 And make him reimburse his ill got gains.

Peg. To me the views of wealth and an estate,
 Seem light when put in ballance with my Pate :
 For his sake only, I'll ay thankful bow
 For such a kindness, *best of men*, to you.

Sym. What double blythness wakens up this day !
 I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away.
 Sall I unsadle your horse, and gar prepare
 A dinner for ye of hale country fare ?
 See how much joy unwrinkles every brow ;
 Our looks hing on the twa, and doat on you :
 Even Bauldy the bewitch'd has quite forgot
 Fell Madge's taz, and pawky Maufe's plot.

Sir Will. Kindly old man, remain with you this day,
 I never from these fields again will stray :
 Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
 And buffy gardners shall new planting rear :
 My father's hearty table you soon shall see
 Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard this twenty year ;
 New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. God save the King, and save Sir William lang,
 To enjoy their ain, and raise the shepherds sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance ? wha will refuse to sing ?
 What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring ?

Baul.

Baul. I'm friends with Maufe,—with very Madge
 I'm 'greed,
 Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid :
 I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
 To join and sing, " Lang may Sir William live."

Mad. Lang may he live :—And, Bauldy, learn to
 steek

Your gab a wee, and think before you speak ;
 And never ca' her auld that wants a man,
 Else ye may yet some witches fingers ban.
 This day I'll wi' the youngest of ye rant,
 And brag for ay, that I was ca'd the aunt
 Of our young lady,—my dear bonny bairn !

Peg. No other name I'll ever for you learn.—
 And, my good nurse, how shall I gratefu' be,
 For a' thy matchless kindness done for me ?

Maufe. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
 Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir Will. To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud, to
 you, }
 And to your heirs I give in endless feu,
 The mailens ye possess, as justly due,
 For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
 Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
 Maufe, in my house in calmness close your days,
 With nought to do, but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of Heaven return your Honour's
 love,

Confirm your joys, and a' your blessings roove.

[*Patie presenting Roger to Sir William.*]

Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always shar'd
 My bosom-secrets, ere I was a laird ;

Glaud's

Glaud's daughter Janet (Jenny, think nae shame)
 Rais'd, and maintains in him a lover's flame :
 Lang was he dumb, at last he spake, and won,
 And hopes to be our honest uncle's son :
 Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
 That nane may wear a face of discontent.

Sir Will. My son's demand is fair,—Glaud, let me
 crave,

That trusty Roger may your daughter have,
 With frank consent ; and while he does remain
 Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You crowd your bounties, Sir, what can
 we say,

But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay ?
 Whate'er your Honour wills, I shall obey.

Roger, my daughter, with my blessing, take,
 And still our master's right your business make.
 Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray head
 Shall nod with quietness down amang the dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good a speaking a' my days,
 Or ever loo'd to make o'er great a fraise :
 But for my master, father and my wife,
 I will employ the cares of all my life.

Sir Will. My friends, I'm satisfied you'll all behave,
 Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.
 Be ever vertuous, soon or late you'll find
 Reward, and satisfaction to your mind.

The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild ;
 And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd :
 Aft, when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
 Some happy turn with joy dispells our care.
 Now all's at rights, who sings best let me hear.

Peg.

Peg. When you demand, I readiest should obey :
I'll sing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

SANG XXI.—Corn-riggs are bonny.

*My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy ;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy :
His shape is handsome, middle size ;
He's comely in his wauking :
The shining of his een surprise ;
'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.*

*Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony,
That gars me like to sing since syne,
O corn-riggs are bonny.*

*Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting ;
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chastly should be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernonny
He's free to touzel air or late,
Where corn-riggs are bonny.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.



